

Ye shall be Kings unto God.
Rev: 1:6.

Rev: 1:6.

*The New
Jerusalem.*

The Glory of God does Lighten
and y^e Lamb is y^e Light thereof

and y^e Lamb is y^e Light thereof

Feb. 12, 22.

Memorable Company of Angels

The and

To others by gate of angels
 O'gilt these scenes of horror & strife
 Is that bright ray dawn our Conscience
 To angels well descend

We look for a City ^{of}
has foundations whose maker
& builder is God. Heb: xi. 10.
Pray ^{for} our Ceasing 1 Thess: 5. 22.
In every thing give thanks.

The Jerusalem belongs to the City of David

O Jerusalem Jerusalem how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen doth gather her chickens under her wings, and thou wouldest not.

Matthew 23:37

Behold y. house is left to you desolate
Thine Enemys shall compass thee
round. Lu. 19. 43.

Flee from ^e Wrath or com
Mach: 3: 7.

L. 33: 14

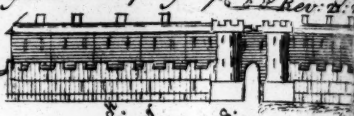
Who can dwell

Ye shall be Kings unto God.
Rev: 1:6.

*The New
Jerusalem.*



*The Glory of God doth
and y^e Lamb is y^e Light*
Rev: 21:3



In an innumerable Company of Angels.
Hebr: 1:10
*O God these scenes of war & strife
to that bright City shall
be no more*

*and there
no more sorrow
and there
no more
sorrow*



*We look for a City n^o
& builder is Gods Hebr: 11: 10
Pray n^o cut Ceasing & Thers: 5: 17-18
In every thing give thanks.*



Flee from y^e Wrath to com
Math: 2: 7



*Behold y^e house is left to you desolate
Thine Enemies shall compass thee
round. Lu: 19: 43.*



*To 33: 14
Who can dwell
with Everlasting burnings*

THE
Devotional LIFE

RENDER'D

Familiar, Easy, and Pleasant,
In several

H Y M N S

Upon the most common Occasions
of human LIFE. *Seaton*

Composed and Collected by T. S. *K*

There is not a more pleasing Exercise of the Mind, than Gratitude. It is accompanied with such an inward Satisfaction, that the Duty is sufficiently rewarded by the Performance. It is not like the Practice of many other Virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much Pleasure, that were there no positive Command which enjoin'd it, nor any Recompence laid up for it hereafter, a generous Mind wou'd indulge in it, for the natural Gratification that accompanies it.

Spect. Mr. Addison, Vol. VI. p. 216.

- - - Parvis quoque rebus magna juvari
Os tenerum pueri balbumque Poeta figurat,
Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem;
Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
Asperitatis & invidiæ corrector & iræ
Recte facta refert, orientia tempora notis
Instruit exemplis; inopem solatur & ægrum.
Castis cum pueris ignara puella mariti
Disceret unde preces, Vatem ni Musa dedisset.
Cœlestes implorat aquas doctâ prece blandus,
Avertit morbos, metuenda pericula pellit.
Impetrat & pacem, & locupletem frugibus annum.
Supremum sacro placatur carmine Numen.

H O R A T. *Ep. lib. 2. Ep. 1. l. 125.*

L O N D O N:

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T O M Y
PARISHIONERS
O F
RAVENSTON
Near Olney in Bucks.



SINCE these HYMNS have not without some Trouble and Expence been publish'd, and primarily with a View to your more immediate Advantage, I must earnestly intreat you to acquaint yourselves, and those of your Households, thoroughly with 'em.

They have a natural Tendency to bring you to a devout Frame of Spirit, to form you to a Love of your Duty, and to practise it with exceeding Pica-
ture.

Only be it your Part to apply these to the several Occasions of Life they are adapted to, as those Occasions shall arise. And forasmuch as you yourselves do know, that without a full Attention at the time of using 'em, even the Prayers and Praises of the inspired Penmen wou'd be an Oblation, neither grateful to God, nor profitable to yourselves; therefore breathe out these HYMNS to him, when you repeat 'em, with all the holy Ardor and the most intense Devotion you are capable of raising your Souls unto.

DEDICATION.

Then shall these Fervours melt the Supreme Being into Kindness and Compassion; and sending up a Perfume grateful to his Nostrils, will be a Means to derive upon you all imaginable Blessings from his inexhaustible Store-houses.

And if you shall continue to the End in thus delighting to serve and please him, all his present Blessings shall be an Earnest of ampler in Reversion, when you shall enter upon that unchangeable State, which is to succeed this vexatious, frail, and perishing Life.

For whereas there is a MEETNESS to be Partakers of the Inheritance of the Saints in Light; which MEETNESS consists in a fashioning the Soul to the Love and Practice of all those Virtues, which can render it like to the most perfect Being, and acceptable to Him; this will require some Pains on your Part thus to qualify yourselves for the divine Presence: and I have purposely prepared these HYMNS, that blending some Pleasure with this Trouble, you may the more chearfully submit to it.

And it is the utmost Ambition of my Soul to see you (through the Assistance they shall by the Blessing of God administer) advancing in Holiness, and growing ripe for those immortal Glories, which are the Hope set before us.

Unto which I make it my humble Request to God, that you may all arrive; and to which I beg your incessant Prayers to the great Majesty of Heaven, that I also may be found worthy to be admitted; to the end that the Sheaves, and he that bears 'em, may rejoice together to eternal Ages. I am

Your most affectionate Servant

in the Gospel of the Blessed Jesus,

Tho. Seaton

P R E F A C E.

TO apologize for the sending these Devotional Compositions abroad in Verse, I shall quote some Passages out of the Works of the Renowned Mr. Addison. Spectator, Vol. VI. Page 43. Numb. 405.

“ The Passions that are excited by ordinary Compositions generally flow from such silly and absurd Occasions, that a Man is ashamed to reflect upon ’em seriously: But the Fear, the Love, the Sorrow, the Indignation, that are awaken’d in the Mind by H Y M N S and A N T H E M S, make the Heart better, and proceed from such Causes, as are altogether reasonable and praise-worthy. Pleasure and Duty go hand in hand together; and the greater our Satisfaction is, the greater is our Religion.

“ *Homer and Hesiod* intimate to us how this Art is to be applied, when they represent the Muses as surrounding *Jupiter*, and warbling their H Y M N S about his Throne.

“ I might shew from innumerable Passages in ancient Writings, not only that Vocal and Instrumental Musick were made use of in their Religious Worship, but that their most favourite Diversions were fill’d with S O N G S and H Y M N S to their respective Deities.

“ Had we frequent Entertainments of this Nature among us, they wou’d not a little purify and exalt our Passions, give our Thoughts a proper Turn, and cherish those divine Impulses in the Soul, which every one feels, that has not stified ’em by sensual and immoderate Pleasures.

Spectator, Vol. VI. p. 171.

“ Man, consider’d in himself, is a very helpless and a very wretched Being; he is subject every Moment to the greatest Calamities and Misfortunes: He is beset with Dangers on all Sides - - - and may become unhappy by numberless Casualties, which he cou’d not foresee, nor have prevented had he foreseen ’em.

“ It is our Comfort, while we are obnoxious to so many Accidents, that we are under the Care of one, who directs Contingencies, and has in his Hands the Management of every thing, that is capable of annoying or offending us.

Page 216. “ If Gratitude is due from Man to Man, how much more from Man to his Maker? The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those Bounties, which proceed more immediately from his Hand, but even those Benefits, which are convey’d to us by others. Every Blessing we enjoy, by what Means soever it may be derived upon us, is the Gift of him, who is the great Author of Good, and Father of Mercies.

“ Gratitude - - - very naturally produces a pleasing Sensation in the Mind of a grateful Man; it exalts the Soul into Rapture when it is employ’d on this great Object of Gratitude, on this beneficent Being, who has given us every thing we already possess, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

“ Most

P R E F A C E.

“ Most of the Works of the Pagan Poets were either direct
“ H Y M N S to their Deities, or tended indirectly to the Cele-
“ bration of their respective Attributes and Perfections.

“ One wou’d wonder, that more of our Christian Poets have
“ not turn’d their Thoughts this way; especially if we consi-
“ der, that our Idea of the Supreme Being is infinitely more
“ great and noble, than what could possibly enter into the Heart
“ of an Heathen.

Page 217. “ The Jews have set the Christian World an
“ Example, how they ought to employ this divine Talent. ---
“ As that Nation produc’d Men of great Genius, without con-
“ sidering ’em as inspir’d Writers, they have transmitted to us
“ many H Y M N S and divine Odes; which excel those that
“ are deliver’d down to us by the ancient Greeks and Romans in
“ the Poetry, as much as in the Subject to which it was conse-
“ crated.”

It being apparent from the Sentiments of this great Man, that Praises are due to the Supreme Being for every individual Mercy, because he is the Fountain it is derived from; it being also his Opinion, that the Gratitude which fills the Mind with the most pleasing Sensations wou’d be best express’d in H Y M N S, which have a Tendency to elevate the Soul into divine Raptures, to purify and exalt the Passions: This may plead an Excuse for me, as sending these abroad for common Use, till some abler Hand, and better Genius, shall oblige the World with a more correct Composition.

The Apostles Injunction to pray without ceasing, and in every thing to give Thanks, wou’d seem somewhat impossible to be comply’d with; whereas by having some of these ejaculatory Prayers and Praises ready in the Memory, they may be silently darted up to Heaven, sometimes amidst even Business and Diversion.

*Thus the Soul may keep a continual Correspondence with the upper World, without any being privy to this Intercourse but itself, and exercise the several Aſts of Humility, Fear, Joy, Love, Re-
signation, &c. in their turns, which is her divine Life.*

*A vast Advantage consequent hereupon will be, that the Soul will be kept constantly in a Dress, proper for her to appear in before the Father of Spi-
rits,*

P R E F A C E.

rits, shou'd we be arrested by Death at a time altogether unexpected.

This is the main Drift and Design of these HYMNS; and if they shall in any degree contribute to the assisting the devout Part of the World, and the reforming the Vicious; if they shall learn Men to converse like true Citizens of the Jerusalem above, to God only be ascribed the Praise and Glory, the Advancement of which I desire may be the sole and ultimate End of all my religious Labours.

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HYMNS *and* ANTHEMS

Upon the most

Common Occasions of Human L I F E.

H Y M N I.

When first Awake in the Morning, let your Thoughts be devout, and fix'd upon God, expressing your hearty Thanks for his protecting you the past Night.

I laid me down and slept, and awaked ; for the Lord sustained me. *Psalm iii. 5.*

SAFE I arise, tho' ev'ry Sense
Unguarded lay through Sleep;
For *Israel's* wakeful Shepherd did
His helpless Servant keep.

II.

It has been the pious Advice of divers good Men in our Church to adapt an Ejaculation suitable to the several common Actions of Life---Accordingly when putting on your Cloaths,

B

I'll

I'll put on Righteousness, and it shall cloath me; and Judgment
shall be my Robe and Diadem. *Job xxix. 14.*

THIS House of Flesh in every Part
I cloath with mighty Care.
I'll see the Virtues thus, my Soul,
Thy lovely Coverings are.

III.

Going out of your House.

The Lord prosper my going out, and my coming in, from this
time forth for evermore. *Psalms cxxi. 8.*

PROSPER my going out, O Lord,
Prosper my coming in.
Thy righteous Paths I chuse to tread,
And fly the Tracks of Sin.

IV.

Washing your Hands.

Wash me thoroughly from mine Iniquity, and cleanse me from
my Sin. *Psalms li. 2.*

CLEANSE my polluted Mind, O God:
For how can I endure,
That whilst my Hands and Face are clean,
My Soul should be impure?

V.

Before we begin any Work..

The glorious Majesty of the Lord our God be upon us: Prosper
thou the Works of our Hands upon us, O prosper thou our
handy-work. *Psalms xc. 17.*

SINCE I no Labour dare begin,
'Till Heav'n I first adore;

Thy

Thy Blessing on the Work; O God,
And Workman, I implore.

VI.

In the Case of unaccountable Despair or Grief.

Why art thou so full of Heaviness, O my Soul; and why art thou so disquieted within me?

Put thy Trust in God: for I will yet give him thanks, which is the Help of my Countenance and my God. *Psal. xliii. 5, 6.*

1. PEACE, Peace, my troubled Breast! O why
Thus smartly dost thou chide?
Swift to Transgressions thou, but God
Is swifter them to hide.
2. Because thy Sins may number'd be,
Thy Sins but finite are;
But infinite the Mercy is,
Which moveth God to spare.

VII.

*When seeing or hearing of the Beauties of the
Creation.*

O Lord, how manifold are thy Works; in Wisdom hast thou made them all. *Psal. civ. 24.*

1. BEAUTY and Wisdom, Goodness, Pow'r,
Thy Works around proclaim:
Oft as I see these Wonders, I
Loudly extol thy Fame.
2. For who can see the starry Hosts,
Or Products of the Earth,
And yet forbear to praise the Hand
To which they owe their Birth?
3. The Scenes of Beauty here in View,
If so amazing they;
What are prepared for the Sons
Of everlasting Day?

VIII.

*When terrify'd by Thunder, Lightning, Famine,
Plague, or Wars.*

Now thy judgments are in the earth, may the inhabitants of
the world learn righteousness. *Isaiah xx. 9.*

1. IF mighty Thundrings, Lightnings, Plague,
Famine or War annoy ;
I cry, these are thy Judgments, God,
The Faulty to destroy.
2. And now I urge my humble Plaint,
O spare thy guilty Seed :
We are thy Offspring, mighty God,
And now thy Succour need.
3. Spare thou a wretched sinful Land,
Thy Sons will wiser grow ;
Do thou Protection to us yield,
And we'll Obedience show.

IX.

Upon being visited with Loss or Sicknes.

What? Shall we receive good at the hands of God, and shall
we not receive evil? *Job ii. 10.*

1. C E A S E to complain, for this one Ill,
Which does thee now oppress,
Thou endless Favours hast receiv'd,
Then don't repine, but bless.
2. Say, Shall we Goods from God receive,
And shall we Ills refuse?
No; but we'll both accept, and ne'er
His Goodness will accuse.
3. The Surfeit which his Goods have caus'd,
His Ills as Physick cure.
Thus Parent and Physician He,
And I with Joy endure.

X. When

[5]

X.

When our Favourite Sin besets us.

will lay aside every weight, and the sin which does so easily beset me, and run with patience the race that is set before me. *Heb. xii. 1.*

I LEARN that I a Racer am,
To Heav'n I make my way;
Therefore the Sin that clogs me most,
Forthwith aside I'll lay.
And swiftly moving towards the Prize,
The Lazy I'll outgo:
Towards Crowns immortal set in View,
My Movements can't be slow.
Abram the Darling of his Soul,
To God his *Isaac* gave:
From *Abram's* Child from Me shall God
My darling Passion have.
The Sin I'll sever from me far,
That's dear as my right Eye:
I wou'd when all my Toils are o'er,
I'th Patriarch's Bosom lye.

XI.

*Upon hearing that any Person is Preferr'd or Exalt-
ed, whether Friend or Foe.*

he Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich; he bringeth low,
and lifteth up.

he raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beg-
gar from the dunghil, to set them among princes, and make
them inherit the throne of glory. For the pillars of the
earth are the Lord's, and he hath set the world upon them.
1 Sam. ii. 7, 8.

let his light so shine before men, that they may see his good
works, and glorify his Father, which is in heaven. *Matth.
v. 16.*

HERE has it pleas'd Almighty God
Promotion to bestow;

B 3

That

That pleases me which pleases him,
Who all things best does know.

2. No Envy shall invade my Soul,
But still to God I'll cry,
In Goodness let him rise, as he
In Greatness rises high.

XII.

When a sinful Object comes in sight.

Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity, and quicken thou me in thy way. *Psalms cxix. 37.*

1. NO R look, nor think, the Fruit's forbid;
Now curb each soul Desire:
Lord, let thy Law suppress the Lust
That's kindling into Fire.
2. I'll fly, or I'll the Thought divert:
If I polluted am,
How can I bear a Part i'th' pure
Retinue of the Lamb?

XIII.

Whenever any Person Rails at, Curses, Swears at, Reviles you wrongfully, or any way evil intreats you.

And David said, Let him alone, and let him curse, for the Lord hath bidden him.

It may be that the Lord will look on mine affliction, and that the Lord will requite me good for his cursing this day. *2 Sam. xvi. 11, 12.*

Being reviled, we bless. *1 Cor. iv. 12.*

Not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing. *1 Pet. iii. 9.*

1. ANGER and Hatred ne'er within
This injured Breast shall glow:
Me Millions God forgives, and I
Will be forgiving too.

2. Wrong

2. Wrongs to despise, or Wrongs forgive,
Argues a greater Soul.
The Soul is mean, whose inward Peace
Offences can controul.
3. Balls struck on Marble soon fly off,
But sink in softer Clay.
Thus Ills, which pierce the softer Minds,
From Solid bound away.

XIV.

*When about to be Weary in well doing, or faint in
the Business of your Calling.*

And let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we
shall reap, if we faint not. *Gal. vi. 9.*

1. LIFT up the Hands which weary drop,
The Prize is just in View;
Renew thy Pray'rs, and God thy Strength
With Pleasure will renew.
2. This Night thy Soul may be requir'd;
And who of Labours past,
Who'd lose the Fruit of former Toils,
By fainting at the last?

XV.

*When you see any to Sin, or hear that any has sinn'd
in any sort, whether Friend or Foe, Dissenter or
other, by no means rejoice, but be sorry for the
Disbonour done to God.*

fools make a mock at sin. *Prov. xiv. 9.*
pray one for another, that ye may be healed. *James v. 16.*

- ALAS! my God, my Soul is griev'd,
Some one has sinn'd: O spare
The frail Transgressor, and may he
To Sin hereafter fear.

XVI.

*When God blesses you with Riches, remember ever
to ascribe the Blessing to him, and praise him.*

Left when thou hast eaten, and art full, and hast built goodly
houses, and hast dwelt therein; and when thy herds and thy
flocks multiply, and thy silver and thy gold is multiplied,
and all that thou hast is multiplied; then thine heart be lift-
ed up, and thou forget the Lord thy God.

And thou say in thine heart, My power and the might of mine
hand hath gotten me this wealth.

But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God; for it is he that
giveth thee pow'r to get wealth. *Deut. viii. 12, 13, 14, 17, 18.*

1. My Hands, my Head, nor Chance I praise
For all my Wealth's Increase:
God's Blessing's all, and shou'd it fail,
Plenty with it wou'd cease.
2. The God supreme I therefore praise,
As Giver of my Wealth.
Wisdom to use it give me, God;
And to enjoy it, Health.

XVII.

When Children are Dutiful and Healthy.

Happy shalt thou be - - - Thy children like the olive branches
round about thy table.

Lo thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the Lord. *Psalms*
cxviii. 2, 3, 4.

1. How dutiful my Children are!
With Health they round me smile.
May Mine be Thine, and no vile Act
Their Morals e'er defile.
2. The Olive I, the Branches They
Shall flourish then in Peace;
Till both, when this frail Life shall end,
Transplanted are to Bliss.

XVIII. *When*

XVIII.

When a Child is very wicked.

And he said, Why do ye such things? For I hear of your evil dealings by all this people.

Nay, my sons, for it is no good report that I hear. 1 Sam. ii. 23, 24.

1. I CRY, my God, with earnest Suit,
Forgive my sinning Child.
Since thou dost spare, be he asham'd
To be afresh defil'd.
2. O may I rather see him lame,
Or deaf, or dumb, or blind,
Than thee the gracious God provoke,
Who'rt infinitely kind.
3. Rather may Beauty, Wit, or Strength,
Or Health remove away;
Only to pilot all his Acts,
May Virtue with him stay.
4. Be this the Star by which each Child
Steers through this dang'rous Sea,
That each at length may reach the Port
Of true Felicity.

XIX.

Upon finding one's self Healthy and Strong.

He keepeth all his bones, not one of them is broken. Psalm xxxiv. 20.

All my bones shall say, Lord, who is like unto thee? Psalm xxxv. 10.

I FIND this outward Frame is well,
And finding it thus, sing,
Glory to God, the Good, the Wise,
The Great, Eternal King.

B 5

XX. *When*

XX.

*When a Neighbour or Friend is very sick, and
has long been so.*

Is any sick among you? Let them pray over him; and the
prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise
him up. *James v. 14, 15.*

1. GOD, thy afflicted Offspring spare,
Remove the sad Complaint:
Let this Reproof Amendment work,
Nor let th' Oppressed faint.
 2. O move to Bliss, or gentlier scourge
Thy Servant with thy Rod:
So with united Praise will we
Extol thy Grace, O God.
-

XXI.

An Ejaculation at Night.

1. THE Sun is set, and so shall I
When I my Race have run;
With Lustre set, if I thy Will
With Faithfulness have done.
 2. What in Perfection I shall want,
Let Uprightness supply.
To Virtue with the Sun arise,
To Vice each Evening die.
-

XXII.

When about to lie down to sleep.

I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest; for 'tis thou,
Lord, only that makest me to dwell in safety. *Psalms iv. 8.*

ALL anxious Fears apart, I'll lay
Me down to take my Rest;
Almighty's He, that will with his
Protection me invest.

XXIII. *When*

XXIII.

*When the Soul is tir'd with the Vanities or
Troubles of Life.*

Whom have I in heaven but thee ; and there is none upon earth
I desire besides thee. *Psalms lxxiii. 25.*

1. No ! blessed God, there's nothing here,
There nothing is above,
Which can Perfection boast, but Thou
Whom I supremely love.
2. These Tents below, much Sin there does,
And Sorrow too infest :
Streight on the Wing my Soul then flew
To seek a solid Rest.
3. She flew, and soar'd aloft, and own'd
'Twas only found on high.
God she pronounc'd the only Source
Of true Felicity.
4. Therefore, said she, while I'm confin'd
To this vile House of Clay,
My best Affections hence shall flee,
And pass the Milky Way.

XXIV.

*When about to faint, and grudge that thy Calling
obliges thee to constant Attendance, and Labour
and Toil.*

Man goeth forth to his work, and to his labour until the even-
ing. *Psalms civ. 23.*

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun.

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and re-
joiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit
unto the ends of it. *Psalms xix. 4, 5, 6.*

1. SEE all things here in Action are,
The Sun his Race does run :
The Ant, the Bee are small in Size,
But yet no Labours shun.

2. The

2. The Moon performs her constant Course,
The Sea does ebb and flow.
Thus Labour is the fixed Law
For all things here below.
 3. Cease then to murmur and complain
That Labour is thy Fate:
I'm pleas'd, my God, thou didst it chuse,
And I approve the State.
-

XXV.

When you give an Alms.

Freely ye have received, freely give. *Matth. x. 8.*
But rather give alms of such things as you have, and behold all
things are clean unto you. *Luke xi. 41.*

1. TAKE this, and praise the God of Heav'n,
Who does thee now relieve.
I freely have of him receiv'd,
And I as freely give.
 2. Only abuse not these his Alms,
But lead an holy Life.
In ev'ry Virtue to excel,
Be this thy pious Strife.
 3. Ramblers too often swear and lie,
And curse, and whore, and steal:
Fly these, if thou in *Abram's* Breast
With *Lazarus* would'st dwell.
 4. For the small Pittance thou hast shar'd,
My Store shall be no less.
Depart, thou Child of Want, and let
Thy Soul my Basket bless.
-

XXVI.

When a Person poor receives any Bounty.

If I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or any poor
without covering.
If his loans have not bless'd me. *Job xxxi. 19, 20.*

The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me.
Job xxix. 13.

1. I Heaven first, next I thee bless,
Who art the Giver kind:
For all thy Bounty never may
Thy Store Consumption find.
2. May God into thy Bosom pour
Ten thousand-fold for this;
And what I can't, compensate He
In the bright Realms of Bliss.

XXVII.

*When hearing the Cock crow, or Clock strike,
or Chimes go, or Hour-Bell ring.*

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts
unto wisdom. Psalm xc. 12.

1. THESE Sounds remind me that the Time
Is fleeing fast away.
To Wisdom, O mine Heart, apply,
And rightly spend the Day:
2. For the Time fled we can't recal,
Or gain an Hour for Mirth;
When the warm Clay must live no more,
But mix with common Earth.

XXVIII.

When any vile, unworthy Thoughts arise.

Keep thine heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues
of life. Prov. iv. 23.

Let the meditation of my heart be always acceptable in thy
sight, O Lord, my Strength, and my Redeemer. Psalm xix.
14.

1. EACH Motion of thy naughty Heart
With Circumspection guard;
Then will thy Words and Acts be pure,
And certain thy Reward.

2. *Elisba*

2. *Elisba* salts the Spring, when he
The Stream would wholesome make.
Thus I'll correct the Spring from whence
Their Rise my Actions take.

XXIX.

*When mov'd by any boisterous Passion to Swear,
Rail, Curse, or Murmur against God.*

The tongue is an unruly evil full of deadly poison. *Jam. iii. 8.*
If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridled not
his tongue, that man's religion is vain. *Jam. i. 26.*
I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I offend not with my
tongue. I will keep my mouth as it were with a bridle.
Psal. xxxix. 1.

1. Now, Reason, all thy Empire show;
The rising Passions chide:
The Tongue to Silence check, and o'er
The Storm triumphant ride.
2. Thus Jesus once the Winds and Waves
Commanded with his Word;
And thus do thou, when Passion o'er
Thy Reason wou'd it lord.

XXX.

*When prompted to presume on God's Mercy, whilst
living a wicked, impenitent Life.*

Follow Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. *Keep t*
Heb. xii. 14. more
But as he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all
v. 1.
manner of conversation.
Because it is written, Be ye holy, for I am holy. *1 Pet. i. 15, 16.* 1. P

1. WHEN I on Mercy wou'd presume,
And still in Sins abide;
I'll streight correct the gross Mistake,
And the false Error chide.
2. No: I will plead, Don't to thy self
A treach'rous Peace afford.
Without sincerest Holiness
No Man shall see the Lord.

When about to repine at Poverty.

The birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head. *Matth. viii. 20.*
 For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that tho' he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor. *2 Cor. viii. 9.*
 Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom. *James ii. 5.*

1. Do I complain because I'm poor?
 But how became I so?
 If lazy and luxurious,
 These Vices brought me low.
2. If frugal, active, honest, good,
 And holy, yet I'm poor:
 This is the Lot which Heav'n ordains,
 And I complain no more.
3. *Moses* was in a Bulrush Ark.
 Christ in a Manger laid;
 This mighty heav'nly Prince had once
 Not where to lay his Head.
4. Since these were sometimes Sons of Want,
 No more will I complain.
 Rang'd in the same Class with these,
 Who can the Poor disdain?

XXXII.

Just before entering the Church.

Keep thy foot when thou goest into the house of God; and be more ready to hear, than to give the sacrifice of fools. *Ecc. v. 1.*

1. I'm entering now the House of God;
 With strong Devotion I
 Will praise, will hear, and to obtain
 Forgiveness I will cry.
2. My Eyes, my Ears, my Thoughts I'll guard,
 The Church is Virtue's School;
 Ne'er will I offer there to God
 The Incense of a Fool.

XXXIII. *When*

When perplex'd about Election or Reprobation.

The Lord is loving to every man, and his mercy is over all his works. *Psal. cxlv. 9.*

If the wicked will turn from all his sins----he shall surely live.
Have I any pleasure that the wicked should die?

I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth: therefore
turn yourselves and live ye. *Ezek. xviii. 21, 23, 32.*

1. WHETHER Elect or Reprobate,
I know not which I am:
But this I know, that God is good,
Unchangeably the same.
2. None does he hate; o'er all his Works
His Mercy does extend.
His Work I am, and none can me
From his Compassion rend.
3. Ne'er then perplex thyself, my Soul,
But labour him to please.
Our Father neither will, nor can
Reject such Sons as these.

XXXIV.

*When terrify'd with some great Evil or Disaster, as
if it soon wou'd befall us.*

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. *Matth. vi. 34.*

1. O WHY my Soul art thou cast down
With Ills which no where are:
For future Ills no Being have,
And therefore none shou'd scare.
2. God may remove thy Foe or thee,
Or somewhat interpose,
T'avert the dreaded Ill, and it
Shall all its Terror lose.
3. Trust in the Lord with all thy Might,
He'll rescue thee at length;
For with the Lord *Jehovah* there
Is everlasting Strength.

XXXV. *When*

XXXV.

Whom inclin'd to be over-Talkative.

Let every man be slow to speak. *James i. 19.*

1. BE slow to speak, for boundless are
The Failings of the Tongue.
Lies, Oaths and Curses, Blasphemy
Are the vile, impious Throng,
2. Which from unguarded Lips do flow :
The Poison these of Speech.
O then, my Lips to guard with Care,
Thy erring Servant teach.

XXXVI.

After hearing the Word preach'd.

Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only. *Jam. i. 22.*

1. THY Messenger has chalk'd the Path,
Which does to Glory lead :
The Way, tho' rugged, may I tread,
And finally succeed.
2. In vain I've heard, if wiser I
And better shall not grow.
No ; I'll to thy repeated Calls
Devout Obedience show.

XXXVII.

On Sunday.

Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy----

1. THIS Day does to my God belong,
And to my Soul's Affairs ;
To these it shall devoted be
Apart from worldly Cares.
God's Wisdom, Goodness, Greatness, Love,
Shall be my constant Theme ;
Full fraught with Gratitude, abroad
I'll Prayers and Praises teem.

3. Thus

3. Thus I and mine shall all comport,
Upon this Day of Rest ;
Loud Hallelujahs are the chaste
Employment of the Blest.
-

XXXVIII.

A general Thanksgiving for any Favour from God.

FORTH from my Breast to God there shall
All Kind of Praises flow.
This Favour, and all others, I
To his great Goodness owe.

XXXIX.

The Poor when tempted to Steal.

Or lest I be poor and steal. *Prov. xxx. 9.*
Thou know'st the Commandments : Do not steal. *Mark x. 19.*

1. THE Fiend of Hell wou'd tempt to steal,
But still to God I'll cry :
However poor, I'll strictly tread
The Paths of Honesty.
 2. The Wedge of Gold unjustly got
Will but a Canker prove :
God's Providence I'll trust, nor once
Suspect his Care or Love.
-

XL.

A Reflection on the future Torments of Hell.

Who among us shall dwell with devouring fire ? Who among
us shall dwell with everlasting burnings ? *Isai. xxxiii. 14.*
Flee from the wrath to come. *Matth. iii. 7.*

1. WILL nothing then affright thee from
Th'accursed Paths of Sin ?
A fiery Lake that pains without,
A gnawing Worm within.

2. Gnash-

2. Gnashing of Teeth, Wailings and Cries
The Damned's Portion are ;
And their Tormentors, Fiends that won't
Their wretched Pris'ners spare.
3. Methinks I hear the dreadful Groans
From the dark Scenes of Ire ;
And startled cry, O who can dwell
With everlasting Fire?
4. No; my whole Life I'll rather chuse
To Pray, Repent, and Fast,
Than to these Woes insuff'rable
To be consign'd at last.
5. These are no Bugbear Woes which Priests
Invented have to scare :
Jesus has told me there are such,
And I am sure there are.

XLI.

*When People revile each other with Party Names
of Papist, Dissenters of any Kind, or when
slack to help and pity 'em because such.*

A certain man---fell among thieves---who left him half dead.
---A certain Priest and Levite passed by---but a certain Samaritan had compassion on him. And Jesus said, Go and do thou likewise. *Luke x, 30, 31, 32, 33, 37.*

1. I GRIEVE to think that Brethren, all
Sons of the same one God,
With Tongue, or Hands of Violence,
Shou'd vex this short Abode.
2. Not thus will I: With the bright Flame
Of boundless Charity
I'll burn to ev'ry Soul that breathes,
And Hatred will defy.
3. Thus did the good Samaritan ;
He did Compassion show
To th' Jew distress'd. And Jesus said,
Go, and do thou so too.
4. Go

4. Go thou, and, disregarding Names,
Do good to ev'ry Soul.
I go, my Lord; nor Name, nor Sect
Shall e'er my Love controul.

XLII.

Considering that no visible Creatures have Reason and Speech to praise God but we, and how rarely Men praise him who have both, often when walking abroad use the following Anthem.

Praise him sun and moon: Praise him all ye stars of light,
Psal. cxlviii. 3.

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. *Psal. cl. 6.*

1. WHY is all Nature dumb but we?
A base, ungrateful Train,
Whose Tongue is rarely form'd to praise,
And therefore form'd in vain.*
2. For as thy Rays extend, praise God,
O Sun thou Source of Light:
And thou, where'er thy Glimm'rings reach,
Pale Lanthorn of the Night.
3. Far as your twinkling Lights are seen,
Praise him ye starry Host.
I call in vain on these to praise,
Which can't of Language boast.
4. In vain I to the Ocean call,
Its Surges loudly roar,
But can't his Wonders in the Deep
Tell to the beaten Shore.
5. To th' great Leviathan I speak,
And next the ignobler Throng:
I turn me to the Earth, since none
Of these assist my Song.
6. O that the Birds and Beasts, say I,
And ev'ry Insect small,
Knew the wise Hand that form'd 'em thus,
They'd on their Maker call.

7. Or if the Trees their Maker knew,
Then every Leaf wou'd praise;
Would cry, His Works are Wisdom all,
And Justice all his Ways.
8. O that the Dust and Spires of Grass,
And Sands upon the Shoar,
Had Mouths and Sense to join with me,
Together we'd adore.
9. But since they're silent All, my Tongue
Shall this Defect supply:
Accents of Praise up to the Clouds
Shall send incessantly.
10. For all the dumb Creation it
In Anthems shall abound;
The Thanks which Dumbness cannot give,
I in its stead will sound.
11. Thy Wisdom, Goodness, Justice, Pow'r,
The whole Creation swell;
And if the whole cou'd speak, it wou'd
With me thy Glory tell.

XLIII.

When seeing any Palace or fine House.

And when the queen of Sheba had seen---the house that he had
built---there was no more spirit in her. 1 Kings x. 5, 6.
How amiable are thy dwellings, thou Lord of Hosts. Psal.
lxxxiv. 1.

A goodly Mansion this, but one
Far better me awaits:
If God shall say, Admit this Child,
Ye everlasting Gates.

XLIV.

The Triumph of the Poor.

and he lifted up his eyes on his disciples, and said, Blessed be
ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God. Luke vi. 20.
and not only so, but we glory in tribulation also, knowing that
tribulation

tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and
experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed. *Rom. v.*
3, 4, 5.

1. Heav'n has me plac'd in low Estate,
From Hand to Mouth I live.
Thus for each Day thy *Israel* once
Their Manna did receive.
2. I'm pleas'd, because no Cords of Wealth
Can bind me to this Earth :
Swift on the Wing, my Soul can soar
To where she had her Birth.
3. Far from my Reach the Sweets of Vice
Remov'd, I forward go ;
Where Wealth's a Clog----To future Bliss
The Movements are but slow.
4. With Patience and Contentment arm'd,
Nought can my Pace retard :
All Clogs aside, with full Career
I haste to the Reward.
5. Great Blessings reap I, to correct
The sorer Ills of Life.
And me, when drooping, to support,
All Nature seems at Strife.
6. The Sun my Cottage visiteth
With all his brightest Rays ;
Even and Morn the Birds around
Sing their melodious Lays.
7. Health I enjoy, and for each Ill
Contentment is my Cure ;
And the bright Hope of full Reward
For all we here endure.
8. Cheerful and disencumber'd, thus
I daily upwards move ;
And bless the State, which wings my Soul
To reach the God of Love.

*A Reflection upon the comparative Greatness and
Smallness of the Earth.*

O Lord, how excellent is thy Name in all the earth! --- When
I consider the heavens---the moon and stars which thou hast
ordained,

What is man! Thou madest him to have dominion over the
work of thy hands. *Psal. viii. 1, 3, 4, 6.*

What were a man profited, if he gains the whole world, and
loses his own soul. *Matth. xvi. 26.*

1. Of th'earthly Globe, how vast the Bulk,
Say I, when I survey
The small Dimensions of Mankind,
Such very Insects they.

2. Mov'd to the Distance of a Mile,
I scarce this Reptile see:
Then urg'd with Indignation cry,
Is this the goodly He?

3. He, who is Lord of all this Globe,
This vast terraqueous Mass?
Scarce six Foot high, a Reptile this,
Who first created was,

4. Lord of this bulky Soil; then I
To God the Maker call,
Why's Earth the District rul'd thus great,
The Ruler why so small?

5. But then again when I reflect,
How vast the District is
Which the bright Sun does fill with Light,
And therefore calleth his;

6. Straightway I find th'unweildy Ball
Is shrunk in the Expanse,
And to the Realms of *Saturn* cou'd
I easily advance,

7. This bulky Mass wou'd sink in Size,
And I this Globe shou'd see,
Small as the Planet *Mars* or *Jove*
Appareth now to me.

8. And

8. And were I mov'd to some fix'd Star,
And bid from thence to find
The vast terraqueous Globe which I
When soaring left behind;
9. The Sun indeed I shou'd descry
Just as some twinkling Star,
But this vast Earth, whose Bulk we boast,
Wou'd wholly disappear.
10. Large as it is, no Glasses cou'd
Help us to find its Place;
Because thro' Distance 'twou'd be lost
I'th' boundless Realms of Space.
11. Fill'd with Amazement, therefore this
Through Ages I'll repeat,
" The vastest Creatures are but small,
And God alone is Great.
12. What wou'd it profit then to give
My Soul in an Exchange
For a poor Ball, which disappears
When I remotely range?

XLVI.

A Support against the Fears of Death.

- O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?
1. WHY do'st thou shrink, and why, my Soul
Mourn at the Sight of Death?
Why loth to quit this Vale of Sin,
And why resign thy Breath?
 2. Death is the kind, the happy Gate,
Which opens to my Bliss,
That leads me to the Region, where
Each pious Kinsman is.
 3. Whoe'er of all my Ancestors
Was pious, holy, good;
It brings me to the Sight of him,
And of his bless'd Abode.

If the kind Man from whom I sprang,
 Or if the tender she,
 Who bare me in her Womb till I
 Was ripe the Sun to see:

If these of solid Virtue were,
 And I am virtuous too,
 They shall see me, and I see them,
 Transported with the View.

Each holy Brother, Cousin, Friend,
 I shall hereafter meet,
 And their Advancement to the Realms
 Of endless Peace shall greet.

Then where's thy Sting, O Death, and where
 Thy boasted Conquest, Grave;
 In full Defiance of you both,
 A blissful House I'll have.

I'll have my dear Relations too,
 Their Fellowship enjoy.

My Soul and Body you can part,
 But neither can destroy.

No; for the Soul shall live and love
 When it from hence is fled;
 The putrid Corpse shall live again,
 Which breathless is and dead.

To its own Soul each House of Flesh
 Again shall cleave of course,
 And all its scatter'd Parts unite
 By an attractive Force.

The Loadstone leaves the Dust of Gold,
 Of Silver, Lead, or Brass;
 Only the kindred Iron draws
 From the confused Mass.

The Parts of ev'ry fleshly House
 From their Dispersions shall
 Thus to their kindred Dust unite,
 And pristine Order fall:

13. And the vile Refuse which we see
Does to Corruption turn,
But only sleeps, and shall awake
On th' Resurrection Morn.

XLVII.

Let all thy Purposes in every Action be good, justifiable, and directed to some End which is praiseworthy.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts. *Psalms*
Renew a right spirit within me. *Ver. 10.*

1. WHATE'ER I do, or undertake,
Let the least Action still
To some good End directed be,
According to thy Will.
2. If conscious thus that all I do
Is well and rightly meant;
God will accept the Doer then,
And like the just Intent.
3. My Heart will never me upbraid;
The divine Guest within,
While justly acting, me'll applaud,
And will acquit from Sin.
4. Conscience thus speaking Peace, I will
Defy each rising Storm,
Nor shall hereafter ever feel
The never-dying Worm.

XLVIII.

If God shall please to visit you with Losses of kind, whether of your Family or your Substance be very patient, and murmur not, nor complain.

What? Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and we not receive evil? In all this Job sinned not with his lips. *Job ii. 10.*

And he said, It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth good. *1 Sam. iii. 18.*

THY Wisdom still I do adore,
Most Great, Puissant God,
Nor once presume, in this my Loss,
To blame the wholesome Rod.

Let thy Corrections me amend,
And, like the golden Oar,
Forth from each fiery Trial bring
Me brighter than before.

Still let me own, however great
The Suff'rings I endure,
They're not so great as I deserve,
A Wretch that's most impure.

If thus like the great patient Man
My Soul I humbly bend,
God can my Loss repair, as his,
And bless my latter End.

XLIX.

*In all Conditions praise God, whether of Fulness
or Want, Loss or Gain; because God's Wis-
dom allotted it, whatever it be.*

the depth of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how un-
searchable are his Judgments, and his ways past finding out!
Rom. xi. 33.

of him, and through him, and to him are all things, to
whom be glory for ever. Amen. *Ver. 36.*

IF Fulness, Freedom, Health diffuse
A glad and splendid Light;
Or Bondage, Sickness, Want, around
Shou'd cast a sable Night,
Still I'm convinc'd that all is best;
Since God the Lot did chuse,
This from his Wisdom, Goodness, flow'd,
And it I won't refuse.
I'll not accuse my Lord as hard,
Or in the least unkind;
He better knows to chuse than I,
Who stupidly am blind.

4. Then Hallelujahs ever loud
 Shall issue from my Tongue,
 That Wisdom, Goodness, both are his,
 Shall be my endless Song.

L.

*When Sickness or Diseases, Sores, broken Bones
 or dislocated Joints threaten a Dissolution,
 you have liv'd in the Fear of God, be not at all
 cast down, but rather rejoice, that the Day of
 your eternal Recompence draws near.*

For which cause we faint not; but tho' our outward man perishes
 yet the inward man is renew'd day by day.

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh
 for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

While we look, not at the things which are seen, but at the
 things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are
 temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.
 2 Cor. iv. 16, 17, 18.

1. OFTEN as Sickness, Weakness, Sores,
 Broke or disjointed Bones
 Annoy'd this Tenement of Flesh,
 Strait I began my Moans.
2. I sigh'd, I griev'd for these Attacks
 Made upon human Life.
 I said, To break this slender Thread,
 Why all these Ills at Strife?
3. Whilst teased thus, a wiser Thought
 Was breath'd into my Soul.
 It whisper'd me, "Forbear to wail,
 Or God supreme controul.
4. The Soul's a Pris'ner, and these Shocks
 Are to remind, that she
 May from this loathsome Prison hope
 To be set shortly free,
5. To enter those refulgent Scenes
 Of Glories, which above
 Are kept for them, who strive themselves
 By Virtue to approve.

I instantly my Tears dry'd up,
 I welcom'd my Disease :
 Hail, Messenger, said I, that brings
 Kind News of a Release.

When by rude Shocks the Mansion gap'd,
 And tottering seem'd to fall,
 Through ev'ry Rift full Glory shone,
 And the bright Jasper Wall

Of the *Jerusalem* above,
 I saw the blissful Hills;
 I seem'd to draw celestial Air,
 And drink th'eternal Rills.

No more of Sicknes or Disease
 Will restless I complain ;
 For the bless'd Views they kindly give,
 Do far exceed their Pain.

LI.

*Whenever you are conscious that you have offended
 God by any wilful Trespas, and find that God
 spares your Life and Health, be very thankful
 for such Forbearance.*

If God spared not the natural branches, take heed lest he
 also spare not thee.

Would therefore the goodness and severity of God; on them
 which fell, severity; but towards thee goodness, if thou
 continue in his goodness, otherwise thou also shalt be cut off.
Rom. xi. 21, 22.

Of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because
 his compassions fail not.

They are new every morning. *Lam. iii. 22, 23.*

My God, altho' I've lately sinn'd,
 With Thankfulness I find,
 That the right-aiming Thunder is
 Kept in the Clouds behind.

Fill'd with a Sense of Mercy then,
 I'll gratefully resolve

To watch my Steps, and thy just Law
 I'll Day and Night revolve.

3. Cautious that I transgress no more,
Nor Goodness still provoke,
This thy Forbearance e'er shall stand
Recorded in my Book.
4. Why, why's my Day of Grace prolong'd?
Why I on this Side Hell?
God spar'd when Justice shou'd consum'd,
And I his Mercy tell.
5. I'll to eternal Ages tell,
That he revers'd my Doom;
Forbore to strike, when Sin and Guilt
Had wretched me o'ercome.
6. Through all Duration I will sing,
When in my bless'd Abode,
I my Salvation owe to th' kind
Forbearance of my God.

LII.

If any commend thee, be not proud or exalted at that account; but remember all thy secret Failings and Blemishes, which are not commonly known, to keep thee humble.

Not he that commendeth himself is approved, but whom the Lord commendeth. 2 Cor. x. 18.

The Publican standing afar off, wou'd not lift so much as his eyes unto heaven; but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.

I tell you, This man went down to his house justify'd rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted. Luke xviii. 13, 14.

1. A L A S! my Blemishes, if known,
No Man wou'd me commend.
I know 'em, Lord; Praise is not due,
And does wrong plac'd offend.
2. Whene'er bestow'd it shall not bloat,
Nor false Esteem create.
No Child of Adam but has Faults,
Which must his Pride abate.

All humbl'd with a Sense of Sin,

I'll for Remission cry,

Be gracious to a Sinner, God;

A Sinner great am I.

Such Wretches nothing but a true

Humility becomes.

Then owing much, God will perchance

Blot out my endless Sums.

Thus haughty *Lucifer* was cast

From the fair Realms on high,

And humble *Lazars* rais'd from Earth

To fill the upper Sky.

LIII.

*When injur'd by any one, suppress all Thoughts of
Revenge, and leave your Cause absolutely to God,
to whom alone Vengeance belongs.*

My beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto
wrath; for it is written, Vengeance is mine, I will repay,
saith the Lord.

Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst,
give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire
on his head.

Let not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. *Rom.*
iii. 19, 20, 21.

THUS injur'd, shall I Vengeance take?

Forbid it, mighty God.

Vengeance is thine, 'tis thine alone

To chasten with thy Rod.

Nay, I will Coals of Fire heap high

Upon his hostile Head;

With Acts of Kindness melt his Wrath,

Till it dissolv'd is fled.

'Tis best that I shou'd Kindness pay

For all the Wrong that's done;

That Enemy is greatly gain'd,

That is with Kindness won.

LIV.

*In Years of Plenty, remember to praise God for
the Instances of his generous Bounty.*

Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Sion. *Psal. lxxv. 1.*
Thou visitest the earth and waterest, thou greatly enrichest
with the river of God---thou preparest them corn. *Ver.*
Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, thy paths drop
nefs. *Ver. 11.*

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness, and the hills
rejoice on every side. *Ver. 12.*

The pastures are clothed with flocks, the valleys also are covered
over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing. *Ver.*

1. WHENCE all this Plenty! Whence my Treasures
These loaded Off'rings bring!
Whence that the Valleys standing thick
With Corn do laugh and sing!
2. The mighty Lord of Nature has
Sent this stupendous Store.
In Goodness make us fruitful, thee
The Donor to adore.
3. Let this *Memento* serve to tell,
Since all things much produce;
If in good Works unfruitful we,
Nature will us accuse.
4. Our very Land, our Trees reproach
The worthless Lord o'th' Soil,
And cry, Thy Morals mostly want
To exercise thy Toil.
5. Go, Sluggard, cultivate thy Heart,
The Fruits which thence will grow
Won't soon decay as we----They ne'er
Will Death or blasting know.

LV.

*When Thunder and Lightning are abroad in a
dreadful manner, don't despise 'em, because
they can easily strike thee dead therewith, as he
others very frequently.*

he said, I have sinned ; the Lord is righteous, I and my people are wicked.

treat the Lord, (for it is enough) that there be no more mighty thundrings. *Exod. ix. 27, 28.*

ENOUGH, Puissant God, I own
These Thundrings are thy Voice ;
I feel with Dread thy awful Pow'r
In this amazing Noise.

These horrid Flashes from the Skies
Seem Heralds of thine Ire,
And teach that God can to his Foes
Prove a consuming Fire.

Affrighted thus, with vain Request
I don't the Mountains call
To shield me from thy direful Wrath,
And hide me by their Fall.

For these thy potent Arm can move
As Mole-hills from their Place,
And soon expos'd they'll leave the Wretch
They cover'd with their Mass.

To thee, All-merciful, alone
I send my humble Pray'r :
I cry, " Who potent art to save,
Do thou a Sinner spare.

Thou with a Word these Thundrings loud
Canst into Silence chide,
And check the Lightning's Force, that we
Its Flashes may abide.

The Source of our Protection, thou
Shalt then our Anthems hear ;
For rescu'd from celestial Fires,
Love shall dissolve our Fear.

LVI.

Before every Journey, whether to Market, Fair,
or otherwise, fail not to recommend yourself to
God's Blessing.

And he said, The Lord before whom I walk will send his angel with thee, and prosper thy way. *Gen. xxiv. 40.*

1. To thy Protection, mighty God,
I here myself commend;
To guard me all along my way,
Thy faithful Angel send.
2. Let ev'ry Journey I shall take
Be for some good Design,
Then us to guard the Pow'rs above
Will zealously combine.
3. Trusting that my Intents are just,
I rest upon thy Guard:
Safe to go out, and safe return,
Be therefore my Reward.

LVII.

*When returning safe home from Market, Fairs,
any Journey, praise God for his Protection.*

Behold, I send an angel before thee to keep thee in the way
and to bring thee unto the place which I have prepared.
Exod. xxiii. 20.

1. SAFE to my Mansion I'm return'd,
From all those Ills secure,
From which God only wholly cou'd
The Traveller ensure!
2. Some have by Villains rude Assaults
Been wounded on the Roads;
Well nigh of Life depriv'd perhaps
Alike, as robb'd of Goods.
3. Others by Falls, or Floods, or Storms,
Or Snows, or dreadful Rain,
Been kill'd, or much annoy'd: But I
Untouch'd with Harms remain.
4. The Issue of thy Goodness this,
O *Israel's* Shepherd kind,
Piercing the Clouds, my Song shall then
To thee its Passage find,

And thy Protection all abroad
 In Accents loud I'll tell,
 Often as I escape the Ills
 Which others have beset.

LVIII.

*When visited with any Sickness which brings the Grave in View, be humbled under God's afflict-
 ing Hand, renewing your Repentance and Reso-
 lutions of living to God's Honour, with great
 Devotion and Sincerity.*

said, He will cut me off with pining sickness. I did mourn
 as a dove. O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me. Thou
 hast, in love to my soul, deliver'd it from the pit of corrup-
 tion; for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back. *Ijai.*
 xxxviii. 11, 12, 14, 17.

MY Sins have long deserv'd, that I

From hence shou'd be remov'd,
 And now I fear their loudest Cries
 Have urgent Plaintiffs prov'd.

I fear they've pleaded, that a Wretch,
 Sinful as I have been,
 Shou'd instantly be swept away,
 And here no longer seen.

I own the Justice of their Cry,
 And nothing have to plead,
 But grant Forgiveness to me, God,
 Who thy Forgiveness need.

The Sinner who has most forgiv'n,
 The same thee most will love;
 Where pardon'd Offences endless are,
 There Love will boundless prove.

Bright as the Seraphs, then my Soul!
 Shall with Affection flame,
 My Praises too be loud as e'er
 From their pure Ardors came.

6. I more than they indebted was,
Yet God did all forgive:
My love must stronger burn than theirs,
As I did more receive.
7. Thus, mighty God, shall creeping Worms
If lifted to the Sky,
In Love dissolv'd, with Songs improve
The Seraphs Harmony.

LIX.

*Whenever you sit down to Meals, think of the
Goodness and Providence of God, in giving
wherewith to support you, and Health to taste
and relish these Supports.*

Whether ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God. 1 Cor. x.
31.
Every good gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father
of Lights. John i. 17.

1. TRACING the Clue, I find my God
Is Donor of my Food.
His Sun, his Rains do give Increase
To ev'ry thing that's good.
2. All Creatures owe their Life to these,
The Corn and Fruits their Growth.
He furnishes my Table out
With Food and Liquids both.
3. His plenteous Cribbs they are which feed
All Dwellers on the Earth.
Kings are sustained there alike,
As those of meaner Birth.
4. Then All with one Consent shou'd praise
The bounteous Lord of all;
And each whom he sustains with Bread
Shou'd humbly on him call:
5. " O let my Table give me Strength,
And me that Strength employ,

To execute thy righteous Will
With most exceeding Joy.

6. May I in Goodness, Lord, advanc'd,
A lofty Cedar prove;
And when transplanted hence, adorn
Thy Palaces above.

LX.

*After Dinner praise God for that Instance of his
Bounty.*

1. How frail an House is this, say I,
So oft to want Repair!
How kind my God, who to support
The Building sends us Fare.
2. Debarr'd of these his bounteous Gifts,
We drooping shou'd bewail,
That human Strength, when not upheld,
Immediately wou'd fail.
3. To thee our God, who all things thus
Adaptest to our Need,
Our Praises in full Strength shall rise,
And swift to Heav'n shall speed.
4. An Earnest this, we own; that God
Who plies our Wants below,
Like Care to the diviner Part,
When loos'd from hence, will show.
5. With heav'nly Manna she replete
Shall satiated be;
God's Pow'r extends beyond the Grave,
It fills Eternity.

LXI.

*When Thirst is very troublesome, and you have
not wherewith at hand to satisfy it, let it cause
you to think of, and wish for that blessed State,
where*

where you shall not be afflicted with the like uneasy Cravings.

And there was no water for the congregation, and they gather'd themselves against Moses. *Numb. xx. 2.*

Hear now, ye rebels; Must we fetch you water out of this rock?

And he smote the rock, and the water came out abundantly. *Ver. 10, 11.*

1. LONG as in fleshly Houses we
Poor Worms are doom'd to live,
Liquors are needful us with Thirst
When sinking to relieve.
2. But short is the Relief, for soon
We need a second Draught.
When, God of Ages, when wilt thou
Thy fainting Servant waft
3. To where the living Waters flow?
A real Cordial these,
" Which us when drooping will revive,
And all our Thirst appease.
4. O bring me to those living Streams
Which satiate the Soul,
Whose Springs will never fail, but through
Futurity will roll.

LXII.

Reflecting upon our great Defects in point of Knowledge, Virtue, Health, &c. we should sigh after that State, where these Imperfections will be par'd away.

The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint.
From the sole of the foot even to the head, there is no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores. *Isai. i. 5, 6.*

For I delight in the law of God after the inner man.
But I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin.
O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death. *Rom. vii. 22, 23, 24.*

I. I MOURN

1. I MOURN within this Vale of Sin,
For Clouds about my Soul
Her in the busy Search of Truth
Incessantly controul.
2. Hardly she sees through all these Mists,
And when she spies the Way
To Bliss and Virtue, then the Will
Perversly leads astray.
3. The furious Passions rise like Storms,
And Reason is o'erfret,
Born down to Vice, before again
Her Empire she can get.
4. Rise, mighty God, exert thy Pow'r,
And bid these Storms be still ;
Bid thou the Will the Passions rule,
And Reason rule the Will.
5. Yet then not free from sad Complaints
Shou'd we our Minutes spend,
This fleshly House infested is
By Ailments without End.
6. Diseases, Weariness and Thirst,
And Hunger us annoy ;
The Soul molested all the while,
A Stranger is to Joy.
7. Shou'd Riches, Honours then step in,
Us kindly to befriend ;
They help us little, for these can't
At all our Virtue mend.
8. Nor sooth the Soul, nor Peace beget,
Nor still the Complaints within,
Whene'er the Spirit wounded is
With th' Pungency of Sin.
9. No Sickness cure they ; broken Bones
They can't again unite.
In strong Disorders can't dispose
The Constitution right.

10. Moulded

10. Moulded with Imperfections thus,
All over humble I
Long for this Mortal to be cloath'd
With Immortality.
11. I long to see when Reason shall
O'er each triumphant ride; *
When God shall for th'Immortal too
A better Case provide.
12. From Sin and Error, and Decay
Exempted, then I'll sing,
Sing unmolested Psalms of Praise
To the Eternal King.

LXIII.

In stormy and tempestuous Weather; when your Houses may be made a ruinous Heap, and destroy you by their Fall; pray to God for Deliverance, and bless God that you are not then upon the Ocean, and put up a Prayer for such as are.

He bringeth the winds out of his treasures. *Psalms cxxxv. 7.*
Who maketh the clouds his chariots, and walketh upon the wings of the wind. *Psalms civ. 3.*

1. THE Clouds above thy Chariot are,
O thou Eternal Mind,
And visiting below thou walk'st
Upon the Wings o'th' Wind.
2. We know these dreadful Storms, which here
With dismal Havock rove,
Are bridl'd by the God who rides
Triumphantly above.
3. To Thee, who in thy potent Hand
Do'st hold the Bridle Rein,
We cry to check their Fury in,
And direful Force restrain.
4. Loudly they threaten to destroy,
And make each House a Tomb,

Each

Each Sailor menace down to send
To the deep Ocean's Womb.

5. By thee protected, we defy
The raging Tempest's Noise:
The God who rides 'em every Hour,
Can curb 'em with his Voice.
6. Or if these Blasts must needs o'erturn
This tott'ring House of Clay,
Then bear my Soul upon their Wings
To the bright Realms of Day.

LXIV.

When visited with any dangerous Sickness, humble thyself before God. And if not sufficiently prepared to die, earnestly desire the Removal of the bitter Cup.

Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live.

Then he turned his face, and prayed unto the Lord. 2 Kings xx. 1, 2.

O my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me. Nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt. *Matth. xxvi. 39.*

1. FAR from me move this bitter Cup,
If so thy righteous Will:
But if it must be drank, lo I
Thy just Command fulfil.
2. O heav'nly Father, don't forget
What human Frailties are;
Take off th'oppressive Weight, which is
Too much for Flesh to bear.
3. If farther Days upon the Earth
Thou meanest to bestow,
May I a Life that's better lead,
And daily wiser grow.
4. But if my Soul thus unarray'd
With Virtue must depart,

Mercy

Mercy of thee I humbly ask,
All merciful that art.

5. The Crumbs which from the Table fall,
Dogs are allow'd to have;
I, worthless Wretch, the Offals here
Of Mercy humbly crave.
6. But to the Purlieu of the Bless'd
Admit my panting Soul;
I'll wait without the Saphire Wall,
Contented with a Dole,
7. Till the dear Lamb shall me array,
And calling from within,
Shall say, Eternal Gates be ope,
For I forgive his Sin.

LXV.

If recover'd from any dangerous Sicknefs, Disease or Hurt, which threaten'd Death, and the State of thy Salvation very doubtful, blefs God, and enter into holy Resolutions of living more carefully.

Thou hast shew'd me great and sore troubles, thou shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depth of the earth.

I will also praise thee with a Psaltery, even thy truth, O my God: unto thee will I sing upon the harp, O thou holy One of Israel.

My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto thee, and my soul which thou hast redeemed. *Psalm lxxi. 20, 22, 23.*

1. BLESS'D God, whence am I now return'd!
Ere while the Grave I saw,
And the old Dragon fiercely seem'd
T'arrest me with his Paw.
2. Frighted I to the Lion call'd,
Which is of Judah's Race,
Skreen me, said I, my Captain, from
The proud Assailant's Face.

He check'd the bold Advance, and bid
 The Dragon shou'd disarm;
 Touch not the Child that's seal'd for Life,
 Nor mine anointed harm.

Just as the prowling Wolf when forc'd
 To quit the feeble Prey,
 Growling retreats, the Dragon so
 Enraged slunk away.

Then my Protector smiling, said,
 Turn back, my Child, again;
 'Tis giv'n, that thou may'st yet on Earth
 Some farther Days remain.

Time thy Salvation to secure,
 Heav'n kindly do's bestow;
 The things which for thy Peace shall make,
 Hence better learn to know.

O cou'd I touch the Harp with Skill,
 It shou'd assist my Song;
 God's Praise my Walls shou'd eccho loud
 In Confort with my Tongue.

Thanks to my great Deliverer,
 It shall be all my Aim,
 That I to Bliss henceforth secure
 A more undoubted Claim.

More watchful I will live, and see
 With Smiles the brandish'd Dart;
 The Dragon shall his Terror lose,
 And I'll with Joy depart.

o. Then, O my Soul, what solid Peace
 Will every Moment bring,
 When the Grave has its Conquest lost,
 And Death has lost its Sting.

 LXVI.

*Upon the Occasions of long, excessive Drought,
 when Rain has been with-held, repair to God
 for*

*for Relief, as he in whose Hands alone are all
the Storehouses of Plenty.*

When heaven is shut up, and there is no rain, because they
have sinned against thee--- If they pray, and confess thy
Name, and turn from their sin,
Then hear thou in heav'n, and forgive, and give rain upon the
land. 1 Kings viii. 35, 36.

1. WHY, Potent God, do'st thou the Springs
Of all our Plenty stop?
Why in the Clouds with-hold the Hopes
Of all our future Crop?
2. Surely our crying Sins have urg'd
Some zealous Prophet's Pray'r;
But tho' *Elias* now shou'd plead,
Be thou inclin'd to spare.
3. The Clouds are Iron, Heaven's Brass,
Dread Lord, at thy Command;
No longer Nature's Wheels will move,
When thou dost bid 'em stand.
4. Down from thy radiant Seat above,
Eyes of Compassion cast;
See all are hast'ning to the Dust,
The Race of Man and Beast.
5. The Corn, the Grass, all Kinds of Fruit
Have lost their comely Grace;
They plead with us for quick Relief,
And shew their with'ring Face.
6. Open thy Sluices, gracious God,
And let the Funds of Rain
That useless roll along the Clouds,
Descend upon the Plain.
7. Then a new Life they will beget,
And fainting Nature chear,
And we glad Altars to thy Praise
With Cheerfulness will rear:
8. We'll tell, that when the sullen Clouds
Were all become as Brass,

Mercy did into fruitful Show'rs
Command the stubborn Mass.

LXVII.

When any Pestilential Distemper is abroad, or some infectious, troublesome, dangerous Illness is about in the Neighbourhood, interceed with God, the Lord of Life and Death, for Health and Safety.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee. *Psal. xci. 6, 7.*

GREAT God of Health, the Pestilence

In Darkness makes her way ;

Sickness her thousands dares to kill

In the clear Noon of Day.

Thus these bold Ravagers thy Sons

And Daughters too destroy :

Death fast her Empire does extend,

And all her Darts employ.

Haste, Great Omnipotence ; forgive

Us, and our Households skreen,

Nor let the Messenger of Death

About these Doors be seen.

Check the fierce Angel arm'd with Wrath,

Sprinkle the Doors with Blood.

This Mark the slaying Angel once

In *Israel's* Tents withstood.

But if some here must feel his Stroke,

First wash 'em clean from Sin ;

Then they shall open wide the Doors,

And bid him welcome in.

But, O let none, while doom'd to Pains,

Fall by the fatal Sword,

Till the pure Lamb, who bears our Guilt,

Forgiveness shall afford.

7. Here,

7. Here, penitent, we plead his Blood,
And, pleading, fear no more.
To such he'll say, "Thou Slayer stop,
"Behold the sprinkled Door.
8. "To the Incurrible go,
"Whom no Chastisements mend;
"At thy Discretion ravage there,
"And there thy Fury spend.
9. "But lo! my Visitations here
"Have true Repentance wrought.
"Spare these, for whom with mine own Blood
"I have Redemption bought.

LXVIII.

*You will sometimes read or hear of dreadful Fire
fail not to pity and help the poor Sufferers,
you easily may, and bless Heaven for you
yours having escaped so great a Mischief.*

For behold the Lord will come with fire, and with his chariot
like a whirlwind, to render his anger with fury, and his
buke with flames of fire.

For by fire will the Lord plead. *Isa. lxvi. 15, 16.*

- 1: WHEN'E'R of any dreadful Fire
The dismal News is brought,
Quickly the whole disastrous Scene
Is pictur'd in my Thought.
2. One while I see poor Wretches pent
Within the flaming Walls,
Crying for Help to all around
With fearful piercing Calls.
3. Others escap'd I hear lament
With bitter moving Cry,
Why were we not consum'd as they?
Why chose we not to die?
4. Rather than these our Friends outlive,
And all our Substance too.

Naked we're left to struggle, where
Friendship but lives in Shew.

5. When we these moving Objects see,
Give us a willing Heart,
O God of Mercies, of our Goods
Most freely to impart.
6. And bless thy providential Care,
That no outrageous Flame
E'er yet our Mansions or our Friends
To hurt devouring came.
7. To Thee who all the Elements
Can't with a Word subdue,
Our Hallelujahs up we'll send,
And Songs of Praise renew.

LXIX.

*When War rages in foreign Parts, and the News
of it is brought, cry to God in behalf of the mi-
serable People where it is, that they and you may
be deliver'd from so great an Evil, and praise
him, if your own Country labours not under the
sad Affliction.*

And I will bring a sword upon you, which shall avenge the
quarrel of my Covenant. *Lev. xxvi. 25.*

A sword is upon the inhabitants of Babylon,---and upon her
mighty men, and they shall be dismay'd---upon her treasures,
and they shall be robb'd. *Jer. l. 35, 36, 37.*

Their quiver is as an open sepulchre, they are all mighty men ;
And they shall eat up thy harvest, and thy bread, which thy
sons and thy daughters should eat ; they shall eat up thy flocks
and thy herds ; they shall eat up thy vines and thy figtrees ;
they shall impoverish thy fenced cities wherein thou trustest,
with the sword: *Jer. v. 16, 17.*

HEARING of Armies rais'd, and War
Raging, tho' distant, yet
I can't the Havocks of the Sword
Where 'tis unsheath'd forget.

2. I all

2. I all the Dread of War behold,
Fair Towns in Ashes laid;
Forc'd out fresh Dwellings to provide,
The harmless Tenants made.
3. With total Loss of all they have,
They wailing thence depart;
Consum'd or ravag'd, when they've seen
The Products of their Art.
4. And what they had with frugal Care
Amass'd by their Toil,
To an enraged hungry Foe
Becomes a wanton Spoil.
5. But what's still worse, we sadly see
Vast Fields of Grain destroy'd,
Not profiting the very Foe
Who makes those Fields a Void.
6. O direful Rage, which thus extends
To th' inoffensive Earth,
And kills the harmless Fruits to which
She teeming gave a Birth.
7. Next Herds are slain, tho' yet their Meat
Not wanted is for Food.
When flesh'd with these, th' insatiate Sword
Thirsts after human Blood.
8. And lo! vast Heaps of wounded Men,
And greater Piles of Slain,
Where the contending Armies fought,
Dispers'd upon the Plain.
9. I grieve to think that human Blood
Is thus profusely shed,
And Property absorb'd where-e'er
The Seat of War is made.
10. Seeing these rueful Spectacles,
And hearing all these Groans,
Humanity, where not extinct,
Is urgent with its Moans.

III. Surely

1. Surely says it, if Kingdoms knew
The dire Effects of War,
At any rate they'd purchase Peace,
And cherish it with Care.
2. Be a Support to those whom Wars
Infest, O Lord of Hosts,
And kindly from the Noise of Arms
Protect the *British* Coasts.
3. Hail! Happy Isle from foreign Foes
Divided by the Deep.
Safe from their dread Assaults may thee
Thy floating Rampires keep.
4. May Factions then for ever cease,
And all intestine Jars
Be crush'd before they spread themselves,
And ripen into Wars.
5. To this bless'd Island, mighty God,
Both Truth and Peace afford;
Ne'er let it feel the Havock of
The unrelenting Sword.
6. No, if our Sins for Vengeance ripe,
For Pestilence we call,
Into thy Hands we rather chuse,
Than those of Men to fall.
7. Thy Mercy's boundless, like thyself,
O great, puissant God.
When to be chasten'd therefore, we
Prefer a Father's Rod.

LXX.

*When the Plague is in thine own, or in any foreign
Land, reflect upon the sad Calamities of it, and
learn from such Reflection to pity the Sufferers,
and bless the gracious God who delivers others
from the wretched Evil.*

Surely Lord shall make the Pestilence cleave unto thee, until he
have consum'd thee from off the land,

D

The

The Lord shall smite thee with a consumption, with an inflammation, and with an extreme burning. *Lev. xxviii. 21, 22*
 Ye have not proclaimed liberty every one to his brother; behold
 I proclaim a liberty to the pestilence. *Jer. xxxiv. 17.*

1. WHERE the great *Sultan* proudly reigns,
 Th' unhappy *Turkish* Soil
 Sees oft her Natives smitten with
 A pestilential Boil.
2. The very Air, the Element
 From whence they draw their Breath,
 Does falsly through the Lungs derive
 A noisome speedy Death.
3. Soon as the deadly Sore appears,
 The Parent shuns the Child,
 And the whole neighb'ring District is
 With wild Confusion fill'd.
4. Naked they flee, fearing to bear
 Their tainted Cloaths away,
 Lest the Scent cleaving to the Threads,
 Th' infection shou'd convey.
5. The Wretches thus, when needing most
 Th' Assistance of a Friend,
 Find all a dreadful Solitude,
 And none that Help to lend.
6. Scarce happier they, who flying shew
 For a frail Life Esteem;
 Since the Life purchas'd thus, they must
 With utter Want redeem.
7. Great Armies small ones eas'ly check:
 The Plague is no such Foe;
 The more it meets, the wider wastes,
 And does resistless grow.
8. Vast Desolation sure by this
 Unwelcome Foe is made,
 When the Surviving scarce suffice
 T'inter the Numbers Dead.

What tho' in distant Climes they live,
 And Sons of Error they ;
 Still they're of human Race, and we
 In their behalf will pray,
 o. That the destroying Angel may
 Be stopp'd in his Career ;
 That God with wide extended Wings
 Their Succour wou'd appear.
 1. To proud *Marseilles* the Plague advanc'd,
 And pressing forward came ;
 But saw the Wastes th'ir Wars had made,
 And did retreat with Shame.
 2. Enough, said she; thy Monarch's Pride
 Has thinn'd the *Gallick* Race ;
 I'll seek me out an happier Land,
 A better peopl'd Place.
 . Why, gracious God, was *Britain* spar'd ?
 Why from th' Infection free ?
 Why was it not allow'd in Bales
 Of Goods to pass the Sea ?
 . Why might her Sons and Daughters too
 The Pride of *Turky* wear,
 And yet not share the noisome Deaths
 Profusely scatter'd there ?
 . The guilty *British* Land, which does
 Deserve that thou shou'dst chide,
 That the Credentials of thy Son
 Profanely does deride.
 Kiss ye the Son, and prostrate fall,
 Lest he shou'd angry prove,
 That *Judah's* Lion may exchange
 His juster Wrath for Love.
 For Love 'tis all exchange'd ! or we
 E'er this the Plague had known,
 And with swift Wings the Judgment to
 The faulty Land had flown.

18. We triumph in thy Mercy, God,
Exulting we declare,
That thou, while distant Realms are scourg'd,
Dost sinful *Britain* spare.

LXXI.

*Tho' Famine, by the Favour of Heaven, be
Judgment not very common, yet we have read
its having been in some Countries, and sometimes
hear of it still, especially in Towns besieged
where Remittance of Provision is not allowed
for the Inhabitants: Learn, by reflecting on the
Soreness of this Judgment, to pity and pray for
those who labour under it; and bless God, that
the Place of our Abode is not visited with the
like.*

Awake, awake, stand up, O Jerusalem, which hast drunk
the hand of the Lord the cup of his fury.

These two things are come upon thee, the *Famine* and the *Swarm*
by whom shall I comfort thee?

Thy sons have fainted, they lie at the head of all the streets
Isai. li. 17, 19, 20.

1. WE bless thy Bounty, gracious God,
The Fountain of our Store;
The Earth's a Table richly spread
To satiate the Poor.
2. Seed-time and Harvest duly have
Their wonted just Returns,
Unless Sin loudly cries: No Land
With want of Pasture mourns.
3. When hostile Bands *Samaria* sack'd,
Press'd with importune Need,
Two Parents each to slay their Sons
For Sustenance agreed.
4. What Force was that! of Mother's Love
Which cou'd the Cordage break!
That Nature's potent Hand did twist
Into their earliest Make!

5. H. of an

How blest'd the Place, whose neighb'ring Soil
Was never barren yet,
Nor where, like Locusts, Armies do
A Scarcity beget.

There Hunger's Vehemence has oft
Defil'd the Parents Hands;
Forc'd their Reluctancy to burst
Through Nature's able Bands.

Curse not our Land with Barrenness,
Nor force thy Sons abroad,
However sinful they, to seek
In foreign Lands their Food.

Jehovah grants the Pray'r. For lo!
He Plenty here bestows,
And ours, as *Canaan's* fertile Fields,
With Milk and Honey flows.

Thus let it flow, where Famine has
Enter'd th'unhappy Walls,
And where aloud for vilest Food
The wasted Burgher calls.

Long as we've Appetites to crave,
And Bread in Fulness eat,
Never will we the bounteous Hand
From whence it comes forget.

To the diviner Part within,
O be not wanting, Lord;
Celestial Manna for its Life,
Do thou from Heav'n afford.

Then will the Soul with equal Steps,
As does the Body, thrive:
And when the Earth gives back her Dead,
Shall both in Vigor live.

LXXII.

We have sometimes, tho' not often, felt the Shocks
of an Earthquake here, but Italy is disturb'd
D 3 with

*with very grievous ones, and very often : Let for
dreadful a Calamity urge your Cries in behalf of
the unhappy Places distressed by 'em ; and your
Praises, that your own Country escapes 'em.*

For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom ; and there shall be famines and pestilences, and earthquakes in divers places. *Matt. xxiv. 7.*

1. WHEN thou, O God, to guilty Lands
In Terror dost appear,
The Earth's Foundations thou do'st shake,
And spread abroad thy Fear.
2. The Ground all over ting'd with Guilt
Does open wide her Womb,
And to the Rebel-Race becomes
A quick devouring Tomb.
3. In vain the Wretches seek to fly,
And climb the lofty Trees ;
In vain the higher Towers ascend,
Which human Arts did raise.
4. No Shelter these ; the Earthquake don't
Her slow Approaches make
With Cannon, Sword, or Spade : she scorns
A formal, dull Attack.
5. But springs at once, extended far,
A subterraneous Mine,
And streight ten thousand Towns and Groves
In the Destruction join.
6. They with their thick Inhabitants
Instantly disappear ;
The sacred Temples scarce their Heads
Above the Ruin rear.
7. No Respite's giv'n to such as were
Employ'd in Lust or Pride.
Disorder'd thus, the cruel Earth
Does in her Entrails hide.

How dread the Evil! which will leave

No room for humble Pray'r,

Nor to appease an angry God

Their Holocaust prepare.

We the *Italians* envy not

Their Soil or warmer Clime,

Nor the Remains of Grandeur *Rome*

Possess'd in ancient Time.

At Distance from the Earthquake's Shocks,

We are more happy far.

Give us the frozen *North*, if safe,

And we contented are.

We bless the great Almighty Hand

Which the Earth's Basis laid,

That *Britain's* not expos'd to these

Destructive Shockings made.

Humbly we ask to the vast Tribes

He would propitious prove,

Whom the Earth's direful Shakes without

A Warning shall remove.

LXXIII.

Then under great Dejection of Mind on the account of some Sin committed, or some reigning Vice, disburthen your Thoughts in the following Hymn.

I have sinned, what shall I do unto thee, O thou preserver of men? Why hast thou set me as a mark against thee, so that I am a burthen to myself?

And why dost thou not pardon my transgression, and take away mine iniquity. *Job vii. 20, 21.*

DARKNESS and Clouds my Mind surround,

And direful Horrors spread;

Like to the long and dismal Night

Which *Egypt* visited.

No pleasing Ray, or Dawn of Light,

Revives my drooping Soul;

- The Sin and Guilt which reign within,
Do there my Peace controul.
3. When wakefully I mov'd my Steps
By Virtue's faithful Clue,
A Tide of Joy o'erflow'd my Breast,
For Glory was in View.
 4. O once again let Reason steer
As influenc'd by Grace,
And my dejected Soul behold
The Lustre of thy Face.
 5. I each polluted Stain will drench
With Show'rs of pious Tears;
Then as the Sun do thou break out,
And dissipate my Fears.
 6. Restored thus, Thee, O my God,
May I with Ardor serve:
And from thy just and sacred Law
No more perversly swerve.

LXXIV.

When severe and immoderate Rains fall to the Damage of the Fruits of the Earth, consider it as a Token of the divine Displeasure, and endeavour by the Perfume of your holy Invocations to appease God, and obtain more seasonable Weather.

The same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened,
And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights
Gen. vii. 11, 12.

1. ALAS! say we, the Heav'n above
Opens its Sluices wide,
And grievous Rains have rushing thence
Caus'd an unwelcome Tide.
2. We our suspicious Hearts disclose,
And murmur, "Who can tell,
But all this Moisture soon may to
A second Deluge swell?

3. Streigh

3. Streight we the vile Suspicion check,
When to the heav'nly Bow
We lift our Eyes, because it does
God's gracious Compact show.
4. Look thou to this, offended God,
Thy Stores of Rain reserve,
And give no more at once, than what
For Fruitfulness will serve.
5. Why shou'd the Drops, which were design'd
The earthly Globe to bless,
The tender Plants and latent Seeds
Profusely thus oppress?
6. We see, we see, offended Lord,
The Cause of all these Rains,
Our penitential Tears have not
Yet purg'd our guilty Stains.
7. But now these Tears we offer thee,
And do with Face erect
Most humbly kinder Seasons crave,
And brighter Days expect.
8. Then as the Air shall grow serene,
And chilling Rains disperse,
To him who rules amidst the Clouds,
We'll raise our grateful Verse.

LXXV.

*When waking in the Night, let your Meditations
be ever pure and holy, and the Subject of 'em
profitable.*

will bless thee while I live.

My soul shall be satisfy'd as with marrow and fatness, and my
mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips.

When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in
the night watches. *Psal. lxxiii. 4, 5, 6.*

SLUMBER mine Eye-lids has forsook,
Sleep from my Eyes is fled,

All pure and all devout shall be
The Thoughts upon my bed.

2. No low, and no inglorious Theme
Shall exercise my Mind;
Her Love being plac'd above the Clouds,
She'll there a Subject find.
3. Unpinion'd first to God she'll fly,
Her genuine Parent He.
Where shou'd she rove, but to the Source
Of her Felicity?
4. To Heav'n, where full Perfection God
Without a Vail displays;
Where the bright Hosts beholding these,
Are all dissolv'd in Praise.
5. O that I cou'd behold as they,
And disembodiy'd see,
Loud as the Seraphs I wou'd sing,
And with as warm a Glee.
6. I'd sing the Wonders of his Love,
And Greatness of his Might;
Describe the Glories he's prepar'd
For the bless'd Heirs of Light.
7. I'd tell the Worlds his Hands have form'd
The Wisdom of their Make,
Till my charm'd Hearers shrillest Songs
The spangled Roof did shake.
8. Next to the Father shall the Son,
His Great Eternal Word,
Employ my Thoughts, and all the Feats
Of this puissant Lord.
9. I'll ruminate his boundless Love,
Which brought him from the Skies;
Which made him human Race to save,
Th'ignoble Cross despise.
10. I'll sing the Triumphs of his Life
O'er all the Force of Pain,

And with what Lustre he was borne
Back to the Clouds again.

11. Our Captain wafted through the Air
By Angels, Sons of Light,
Enter'd the everlasting Doors,
The Honours of his Fight.
12. Fight and o'ercome your Foes as he,
Brave Soldiers of the Lamb;
The blissful Place to which you'll rise,
And Honours are the same.
13. Next shall the sacred Spirit be
The Subject of my Thought,
The Ghost by whose all-succouring Aid
We're sanctify'd and taught.
14. By secret Whispers, fiery Tongues,
By rushing mighty Wind,
Where'er this Spirit to the Soul
Does happy Entrance find,
15. Streight all is Virtue, Light and Truth,
Inflexibly we tread
The surer Paths, however rough,
Which hence to Glory lead.
16. Bless'd Myriads of Angels, now
Be ye my Soul's Employ.
All Fire you are, you burn with Love,
And overflow with Joy.
17. One Day we hope, tho' warring now,
And Darknes half our time,
That in your Anthems we shall join,
And to your Mansions climb:
18. Where Sleep and Night no longer will
Engross our choicest Hours,
But waking shall have endless Day
Illuminate our Bow'rs.
19. We fight to reach that glorious Place,
Where Darknes is no more;

Nor

Nor Sleep to interrupt our Songs,
To him whom we adore.

LXXVI.

Morning Hymn.

1. MINE Incense to the King of Heav'n,
I here with Gladness bring;
By thy Protection sav'd from Harms,
Thy Praise, O Lord, I sing.
2. My Soul with wondrous Raptures fill'd,
Constrains me to declare,
That great as my Transgression is,
So great thy Mercies are.
3. No Storms, or Thieves, or Fire approach'd
The Mansion where I lay:
All these, as *Egypt's* Locusts once,
Thy Breath did drive away.
4. Some did with pining Sickness spent,
And others rack'd with Pain,
Sigh out the weary Hours that pass'd,
And wish'd for Sleep in vain.
5. Others again did breathe their last,
Whilst they to Sin were Slaves:
In view of sure Damnation these
Descended to their Graves.
6. But I'm awake, with Sleep refresh'd,
Enjoy my Day of Grace;
And if I've err'd or stray'd, have time
To rise and mend my Pace.
7. And may I, Lord, improve my Time,
Each Day which thou dost give;
Grant me in Uprightness to pass,
And to thy Honour live.
8. Then in proportion to th'Advance
Which tow'rs the Grave I make,

Will my Approaches be to Heav'n,
The great important Stake.

LXXVII.

For HEALTH.

*When you find yourself in a good State of Health,
often praise God for this valuable Blessing, which
sweetens all the Pleasures of Life.*

will yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance,
and my God. *Psal. lii. 11.*
my health shall spring forth speedily, and the Lord shall guide
thee continually, and make fat thy bones, and thou shalt be
as a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose wa-
ters fail not. *Isa. lviii. 8, 11.*

HEALTH is a Blessing from above,
Which Riches cannot buy.
The Life of Life, the Body's Peace,
And pleasing Harmony.

To Him, whose kind Support upholds
This sinking House of Clay,
Of chearful Hallelujahs I'll
The grateful Tribute pay.

Because whilst others tortur'd lie
Bound with Afflictions Chains,
I walk at large secure and free
From Sicknefs and from Pains.

Their Life is Death, their Language Groans,
Their Meat as Juice of Galls,
Their Friends as Strangers, Wealth as Want,
Their Houses Prison Walls:

Their earnest Cries do pierce the Skies,
And shall I silent be?
Had I been sick, I should have told
With Sighs my Misery.

The Sick ha'n't greater Cause to pray,
Than I to praise my King:

Since

Since Nature teaches them to groan,
Let Grace teach me to sing.

7. I see my Friends, can taste my Meat,
Can follow mine Employ ;
But above all, amidst the Gifts,
The Giver can enjoy.
8. And, O my Lord, with all thy Gifts,
This Favour too bestow,
That with my Life, as well as Lips,
Thy Praises I may show.

LXXVIII.

*A Wish for an happy Removal from this Vale
Sin and Sorrow.*

In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and he heard me.
Deliver my soul, O Lord, from lying lips. ---- Wo is
that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kethish.
Psal. cxx. 1, 2.

1. THIS Vale of Sin, most mighty God,
Is irksome to my Soul:
It wants to be releas'd and free,
T'ascend without Controul
2. To those celestial Mansions, where
No Sin or Sorrow dwells ;
Which with united Force invade
These mean and humble Cells.
3. There Angels our Companions are,
And all of *Adam's* Race
That e'er were wise, and good, and just,
Detesting what was base.
4. All kinds of Pearls and precious Stones
Adorn the Mansions there ;
Goodness and Lustre fill the Orbs
In which the Blessed are.
5. I blush to think, that e'er these Scenes
Of Vice and Pain I've lov'd,

And wedded to this Earth, from thence
Have fear'd to be remov'd.

Reach down, reach down thine Arm, O Lord,
And cause me to ascend,
Where Saints triumphant make the Choir,
And Anthems never end.

There fix'd, as to a Centre, shall
All my Affections be;
Till I'm releas'd, and with these Eyes
Allow'd my Bliss to see.

LXXIX.

*Praise God often for his protecting you from the
numberless Ills which have befallen others.*

will say of the Lord, He is my refuge, and my fortress.
rely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and
from the noisome pestilence.

shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt
thou trust.

thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right
hand, but it shall not come nigh thee. *Psal. xci. 2, 3, 4, 7.*

BLESS'D be the gracious Hand of God,
Which does his Servant keep,
And my kind guardian Shepherd is,
Tho' I'm a wandering Sheep.

I find Disasters spread around,
And wonder I am safe,
Knowing my Merits cannot speak,
Or plead in my behalf.

I see the Blind, and of the Dumb
My Tongue can freely talk;
Sad Tales I of the Deaf can hear,
And to the Cripp'd walk.

Folly and Madnefs here the Seats
Of Knowledge do invade,
And there the Stores of Reason are
In dismal Ruins laid.

5. My Knowledge and my Limbs entire
I all this while enjoy;
The Spheres of Reason and of Sense
No grievous Harms annoy.
6. Thus the stupendous Frame which Pow'r
And Wisdom first did make,
God does of this, paternal Care,
By his Inspection take.
7. Thy Wisdom and thy Pow'r my Song
Hath used to express,
Now thy Protection too shall be
The Theme of every Verse.

LXXX.

Before the Sacrament.

1. THE mighty Prince of Peace did send
His Servants to invite
All the Distressed to his Feast,
And bring their Garments white.
2. Blind, naked, wandering me he found
Lost in the Maze of Sin;
The Charmer wisely charm'd, and drew
The wretched Wand'rer in.
3. This Day the Feast is kept, and I'm
Resolv'd his Guest to be;
My Garments are Repentance, Faith,
And flaming Charity.
4. Thus cloath'd, I to the Fountain come,
And crippl'd do implore
My Saviour's Help to bid me rise,
And walk, and sin no more.
5. And, O my Lord, this Day I taste,
In Hopes the Bread and Wine
Will Pardon, and Strength, and Peace convey
And make me wholly thine.

6. Lift

Lifted afresh, that I may ne'er
 Thy Banner more forsake,
 Or to the Devil, World, or Flesh,
 A vile Desertion make:

So shall the sacred Feast to which
 I now invited am,
 Fit me to be a Guest, when call'd
 To th' Marriage of the Lamb.

LXXXI.

After the Sacrament.

My Soul inspir'd with sacred Love,
 The Name of Jesus bless;
 Of all his Favours mindful prove,
 And still thy Thanks exprefs.

I Trial of his Love have made,
 Experience does decide,
 That I am bless'd, and shall be so
 If I in him confide.

Fainting for want of heav'nly Food,
 I wish'd it might abound;
 I sought, and found the Manna spread
 In wondrous Plenty round.

Then did I gather, taste, and find
 'Twas Meat and Drink indeed.
 Strengthen'd I am, and now empower'd
 To run with greater Speed.

I thus refresh'd will forward go,
 And to my *Canaan* press;
 Will bear the Toil of this forlorn
 And barren Wilderness.

Amidst the thorny Defart now
 My rapt'rous Hymns I'll sing,
 And fainting will again repair
 To this refreshing Spring.

7. Thus

7. Thus I, altho' a Child in Grace,
And in my Stature low,
Shall to a taller Size advance,
And perfect Manhood grow.
8. Then shall I be, when throughly grown,
Like a ripe Shock of Corn
Caught in the Reaper's Arms, and to
The heav'nly Storehouse born.

LXXII.

For Sunday.

1. THIS is the great triumphant Day
On which my Saviour rose;
Death and the Grave he conquer'd has,
Those once victorious Foes.
2. No longer shall the Sons of Men
Their Chains or Empire dread:
Again each Pris'ner from the Dust
Shall raise his drooping Head.
3. The Seed is sown, it rots, it dies,
But dies to live again.
Such is the Death, and such the Life
Of ev'ry human Grain.
4. The Members can't for ever sleep,
Because the Head's awake;
The Head's alive, and of that Life,
The Members must partake.
5. We'll keep the sacred Festival,
And to his House repair:
The Sons of his Redemption shall
Extol his Praises there.
6. There will we meet to pray and sing,
And learn the Ways to Bliss:
The Branches there the Vine shall praise,
Which their Redemption is.

No Care or Labour shall this Day
Employ the Thought or Hands;
In Hymns and Pray'rs we'll spend the Hours,
And searching thy Commands.

Thus freed from Sin and Care, and thus
'Midst rapt'rous Anthems blest,
This Sabbath shall an Emblem be
Of our eternal Rest.

LXXXIII.

For the Evening.

ing and morning, and at noon will I pray, and cry aloud,
and he shall hear my voice. *Psal. lv. 17.*
ought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies.
Psal. cxix. 59.

THE Sun is set, and has withdrawn
His glorious Rays of Light,
And one Day nearer to my Grave
I am advanc'd this Night.

Now I'm preparing for my Bed
To rest my Limbs with Sleep,
And hope my faithful Guardian will
Me from Misfortunes keep.

Not always shall I sleep to wake,
And see the Sun again;
Shortly with a more lasting Sleep
These Eyes will clos'd remain.

Nor always for my Rest shall I
A Bed and Blankets have.
Soon shall the Moulds for Blankets serve,
And for my Bed the Grave.

Then look upon each Day that's gone,
And think what thou hast done:
Think, and thy several Wandrings mark,
And with more Caution run.

6. That

6. That no Remorse may sadly grieve,
Or crucify thy Mind;
But thou at God's Tribunal may'st
A kind Reception find
7. Then shall a Bed of Stone be soft,
Thy Sleep for ever sweet;
Come Life or Death, thou'rt always safe,
The Bridegroom fit to meet.

LXXXIV.

*Whenever you are in Danger of being seduced
any Sin, on the account of Privacy, or the Hope
of Concealment from all human Knowledge
overbalance this wicked Suggestion, by remem-
bring that God is present, and is a Witness
the Sin, and will sooner or later avenge it.*

The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good. *Prov. xv, 3.*

Thou compasseth my path and lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

The darkness hideth not from thee. *Psal. cxxxix. 3, 12.*

In him we live, and move, and have our being. *Acts xviii. 2.*

1. WHY do I hope to sin unseen,
Or find a secret Place?
My God is always near, and fills
The vast Extents of Space.
2. Shou'd I some Corner of the Earth
Chuse out for my Retreat,
Or on the Wings o'th' Morning rais'd,
Seek the Night's gloomy Seat;
3. Where solid Darkness dwells, and where
No Sun or Stars are seen,
But a vast fable Void does spread
Substantial Night between.
4. To th' highest Heaven shou'd I soar,
Or plunge to th' lowest Hell;

God still furrounds me with himself,
Who ev'ry where does dwell.

Then no Transgression shall my Soul
With its Defilement stain.

My God beholds, and on my Head
Can Show'rs of Vengeance rain.

I dare not venture to transgress:
Almightiness is near.

'Tis a tremendous Attribute,
And spreads an awful Fear.

LXXXV.

*Then abounding with a Sense of the amazing
Goodness and Perfections of God, give a Vent
to the holy Rapture in the following Hymn, which
summons all intelligent Creatures to praise him.*

*praise him all his angels, praise him all his hosts.
ings of the earth, and all people: princes, and all judges of
the earth.
th young men and maidens, old men and children-- let them
praise the name of the Lord: for his name only is excellent,
his glory is above the earth and heaven. Psal. cxlviii. 2, 11,
12, 13.*

YE Hosts of Angels, Heirs of Light,
You first your Transports sing;
Then we of humbler Race will join
To praise th'eternal King.

Great Sons of Empire praise our God,
To whom you owe your Pow'r.

He can your slipp'ry Grandeur fix,
Or spurn you from your Tow'r.

Children of Honours, mighty Peers,
Praise him who gave you Breath;

'Tis he your Splendor can augment,
Or close it all in Death.

All ye of hoary Heads, to whom
Is given Length of Days,

For

For Mercies heretofore bestow'd,
Bring full Arrears of Praise.

5. Fly to the Consort, you who've reach'd
The Middle of your Course;
Ripeness of Strength and Judgment flow
From God their only Source.
6. You younger Sort with Praise abound,
As you abound with Fire:
Let his fresh Mercies, as they rise,
Still louder Songs inspire.
7. Gay Virgins in the Bloom of Life
Approach him with a Song:
He is the most exalted Theme
Which can employ your Tongue.
8. Ye Children he has guarded safe
Through your weak Infant-State;
Soon as your Tongues are form'd to speak,
With Hymns upon him wait.
9. All Kings and Nobles, Old and Young,
All that are Rich or Poor,
To swell the Eccho gladly join,
And the great God adore.
10. In each Perfection he excels,
His is the only Name,
Which does deserve the fullest Praise
Your grateful Hearts can frame.
11. His Glory is of vast Extent,
Transcends the starry Pole;
It's o'er the earthly Ball diffus'd,
Then praise him, O my Soul.

LXXXVI.

Whenever you hear the Birds singing their delightful Notes about your Dwelling, join your Song to theirs, and praise your Creator.

every thing that hath breath, praise the Lord. *Psalm* cl. 6.
 them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation,
 which sing among the branches. *Psalm* civ. 12.
 Lord, how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou
 made them all. *Ver.* 24.

SING ye shrill Harbingers of Day,
 Your great Creator's Praise display.
 Wider extend your little Throats,
 That we may hear your loudest Notes.

As you your Voices higher raise,
 We soar to more exalted Praise :
 With the Variety of your Sounds,
 The Heart with Rapture more abounds.

Then cease not yet to sit and sing,
 And we all gay, as is the Spring,
 Will chant our Hymns to th' heav'nly King. }

Let Poets and Musicians join
 To make and set the Hymn divine :
 Let 'em employ their finest Hands,
 And add to these their vocal Bands.

Their utmost Art and Powers shew
 They cannot entertain like you :
 Nor tune my Soul to praise so high,
 As you with Nature's Melody.

These Sons of Art the poorer scorn,
 They only to the Rich perform ;
 And croud to entertain a Court,
 Where rarely the Devout resort.

But you, a kinder Consort, come
 To ev'ry Rustick's Country Home :
 You plant yourselves upon his Trees,
 Striving his Sorrows to appease.

There warble out your sweetest Lays,
 And urge his Soul to sing and Praise.
 Rouz'd up by you, we hear him cry,
 These Songsters have no more than I.

No

9. No Storehouses have these, yet who
In chearful Airs can these outdo?
The God which these glad Warblers feeds,
Will surely furnish all my Needs.
10. Then up he gets, and tunes his Voice,
With this gay Confort to rejoice;
And while the Choir about him sings,
The Tribute of his Anthems brings.
11. To him who form'd the feather'd Throng
To raise and to assist his Song.
Whene'er the Chanters of the Grove,
From Air to Air in singing rove,
12. His Soul with holy Ardor glows,
And Love with Ecstasy o'erflows.
An Incense this! which will arise,
Mount up on high, and pierce the Skies,
13. 'Till it the Throne of Glory reach,
And Mercies in abundance fetch;
To glad the humble Offerer's Soul,
And make the Heart, that's broken, whole
14. Bless'd Charmers, did you know like me
The Glories of the Deity,
With human Choristers you'd vie;
15. To such an Height wou'd strain your Breath
Your Sonnets must conclude in Death.
Thus *Strada's* Nightingale did strive,
Nor cou'd the Rival-Tune outlive.
16. Celestial Bands, cou'd I but hear
The Anthems of the upper Sphere,
I'd strive that mine shou'd rise as high,
And breathing Hallelujahs die.

LXXXVII.

Larger Hymn for Morning.

1. AWAKE, my Soul, and with the Sun
Thy constant Stage of Duty run.

Shake off dull Sloth, and early rise
 To pay thy Morning Sacrifice.
 Redeem the mis-spent Time that's past;
 Live, as if this Day were thy last:
 Thy Talents to improve take care,
 For the great Day thyself prepare.
 Let thy whole Converse be sincere,
 And Conscience as the Noon-day clear.
 Think how th'Allseeing God thy Ways,
 And thy most secret Thoughts surveys.
 Influenc'd by the Light divine,
 Let thy fair Light to others shine:
 Reflect all Heav'ns propitious Rays.
 In ardent Love, and chearful Praise.
 Rouze, and lift up thyself, my Heart,
 And with the Angels bear a Part,
 Who all the Night unwearied sing
 Praises to the Eternal King.
 I wake, I wake, Celestial Choir,
 May your Devotions me inspire;
 That I like you my Days may spend,
 And like to you my God attend.
 May I as you in God delight,
 Have all the Day my God in Sight;
 Like you perform my Maker's Will,
 And may I never more do ill.
 Had I but Wings to Heav'n I'd fly,
 But God shall that Defect supply;
 And my Soul wing'd with warm Desire,
 To Heav'n shall all Day long aspire.
 All Praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
 And me refreshed while I slept.
 God grant, when I from Death shall wake,
 I may of endless Life partake.
 I wou'd not wake, or rise again,
 But wou'd e'en Heav'n itself disdain,
 Wer't thou not there to be enjoy'd,
 And I in Anthems there employ'd.
 Dear Lord, Heav'n is where'er thou art,
 O never more from me depart:

For to my Soul 'tis Hell to be,
One Moment destitute of thee.

12. Lord, I my Vows to thee renew,
Disperse my Sins as Morning Dew.
Guard the first Springs of Thought and Will
With thyself my Spirit fill.
13. Direct, controul, suggest to Day
All that I purpose, do, or say;
That all my Pow'rs, with their whole Might
In thy sole Glory may unite.
14. Praise God from whom our Blessings flow
Praise him his Creatures here below:
Praise him with Glee, ye Angel Host,
Praise Father, Son, with Holy Ghost.

LXXXVIII. *A larger Hymn for Evening*

1. GLORY to thee, O God, this Night,
For the great Blessings of the Light.
O keep me safely, King of Kings,
Under thine own Almighty Wings.
2. Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The Ills which I this Day have done;
That with the World, myself and Thee,
I, e'er I sleep, at Peace may be.
3. Teach me to live, that I may dread
The Grave as little as my Bed.
Teach me to die, that so I may
In Triumph rise at the last Day.
4. O may my Soul on thee repose,
With Slumbers sweet mine Eye-lids close
Slumbers, which shall me vig'rous make
To serve my God when I'm awake.
5. If in the Night I sleepless lie,
My Soul with heav'nly Thoughts supply
Let no ill Dreams disturb my Rest,
No Pow'rs of Darkness me molest.
6. Dull Sleep, of Sense you me deprive,
I scarce am half my Days alive;
Thy faithful Lover, I am griev'd
To be so long of thee bereav'd.

But tho' Sleep o'er my Frailty reigns,
 Let it not hold me long in Chains;
 Sometimes do thou let loose my Heart,
 'Till it an Hallelujah dart.

The stronger Sleep the Senses binds,
 The more unpinion'd are our Minds:
 When shall my Soul from Matter free,
 Thy unvail'd Goodness waking see.

O when shall I in endless Day
 For ever chase dark Sleep away,
 And endless Praise with th' heav'nly Choir
 Incessant sing, and never tire?

1. My Guardian Angel, whilst I sleep
 Close to my Bed your Vigils keep;
 Divine Love into me instil,

Stop the Approach of ev'ry Ill.

2. Suggesting Thoughts with me converse,
 And to my Soul your Joys rehearse;
 Sing in my stead all the Night long,
 To God supreme a grateful Song.

3. Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow;
 Praise him, ye Creatures here below.

O praise him too, y'angelick Host,
 Ev'n Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

LXXXIX. *Another Midnight Hymn.*

1. LORD, now my Sleep do's me forsake,
 The full Possession of me take;

Let no vile Fancy me illude,
 Nor one impure Desire intrude.

2. Bless'd Angels, when I silent lie,
 Loud Hallelujahs sing on high;
 And ever wakeful near the Throne,
 Prostrate adore the Three in One.

3. But waking now, I with you join
 To praise my God with Hymns divine.
 Above with you I hope to dwell,
 And bid the Night and World farewell.

4. My Soul, when I shake off this Dust,
 Lord, to thy Arms I will intrust.

O make

- O make me thine especial Care,
 An heav'nly Mansion me prepare ;
5. Give me a Place at thy Saints Feet,
 Or some fall'n Angels vacant Seat.
 I'll strive to sing as loud as they,
 Who sit above in brighter Day.
6. O may I ever ready stand
 With my Lamp burning in my Hand :
 May I in Sight of Heav'n rejoice,
 Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's Voice.
7. Glory to God in Light array'd,
 Who Light his Dwelling-place has made :
 A boundless Ocean of bright Beams,
 From his most glorious Godhead streams.
8. The Sun at Noon-day in its Height
 Is very Darkness in thy Sight.
 My Soul, O lighten and enflame
 With Thought and Love of thy great Name
9. Bless'd Jesus, thou on Heav'n intent
 Whole Nights hast in Devotion spent :
 But I, frail Creature, soon am tir'd,
 And my fierce Zeal too soon expir'd.
10. How, O my Soul, can'st weary grow
 Of antedating Bliss below ;
 In sacred Hymns and divine Love,
 Which will eternal be above.
11. Shine on me, Lord, new Life impart,
 Fresh Ardors kindle in my Heart ;
 One Ray of thy reviving Light
 Dispels the sluggish Clouds of Night.
12. Lord, lest the Tempter me surprise,
 Watch over thine own Sacrifice,
 All loose and idle Thoughts cast out,
 And make my very Dreams devout.
13. Praise God from whom all Blessings flow,
 Praise him all Creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, y' Angelic Host,
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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